to eyther of theſe: God defend me from theſe two.

Ner. How ſay you by the French Lord, *Mounſier le Boune*?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him paſſe for a man, in truth I know it is a ſinne to be a mocker, but he, why he hath a horſe better then the Neapolitans, a better bad habite of frowning then the Count Palatine, hee is euery man in no man, if a Traſſell ſing, hee fals ſtraight a capring, hee will fence with his owne ſhadow. If I ſhould marry him, I ſhould marry twenty husbands: if he would deſpiſe me, I would forgiue him, for if he loue me to madneſſe, I ſhall neuer requite him.

Ner. What ſay you then to *Fauconbridge*, the young Baron of England?

Por. You know I ſay nothing to him, for he vnderſtands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latine, French, nor Italian, & you will come into the Court and ſweare that I haue a poore penniworth in the Engliſh: he is a proper mans picture, but alas who can conuerſe with a dumbe ſhow? how odly he is ſuted, I think he bought his doublet in *Italy*, his round hoſe in *France*, his bonnet in *Germany*, and his behauiour euery where.

Neriſſa. What thinke you of the Scottiſh Lord his Neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him, for he borrowed a boxe of the eare of the Engliſhman, and ſwore he wold pay him againe when he was able: I thinke the Frenchman became his ſurety, and ſeald vnder for another.

Ner. How like you the young *Germaine*, the Duke of *Saxonies* nephew?

Por. Very vildely in the morning when he is ſober, and moſt vilely in the afternoone when he is drunke: when he is beſt, hee is a little worſe then a man, and when he is worſt he is little better then a beaſt; and the worſt fall that euer fell, I hope I ſhall make ſhift to go without him.

Ner. If he ſhould offer to chooſe, and chooſe the right Casket, you ſhould refuſe to performe your fathers wil, if you ſhold refuſe to accept him.

Por. Therfore for feare of the worſt, I prethee ſet a deep glaſſe of

of Reyniſh Wine on the contrary Casket, for if the diuell bee within, and that temptation without, I know he will chooſe it. *I* will do any thing *Neriſſa*, ere ile be married to a ſpunge.

Ner. You need not feare Lady, the hauing any of theſe Lords, they haue acquainted me with their determinations, which is indeed to returne to their home, and to trouble you with no more ſute, vnleſſe you may be won by ſome orher ſort then your fathers impoſition, depending on the Caskets.

Por. If *I* liue to be as olde as *Sibilla*, *I* will die as chaſte as *Diana*, vnleſſe *I* bee obtained by the manner of my fathers will: *I* am glad this parcell of wooers are ſo reaſonable, for there is not one among them but *I* dote on his very abſence; & *I* pray God grant them a faire departure.

Ner. Do you not remember Lady in your fathers time, a *Venetian* Scholler and a Souldior that came hither in company of the Marqueſſe of *Mountferrat*?

Portia. Yes, yes, it was *Baſſanio*, as *I* thinke he was ſo call'd.

Ner. True Maddam, he of all the men that euer my fooliſh eyes lookt vpon, was the beſt deſeruing a faire Lady.

Por. I remember him well, and *I* remember him worthy of thy praiſe.
How now, what newes?

Enter a ſeruingman.

Ser. The foure ſtrangers ſeeke for you Madame, to take their leaue; and there is a fore-runner come from a fift, the Prince of *Moroco*, who brings word the Prince his Maſter will be heere to night.

Por. If *I* could bid the fift welcome, with ſo good a heart as *I* can bid the other foure farwell, *I* ſhould be glad of his approch: if he haue the condition of a Saint, and the complection of a diuell, *I* had rather he ſhould ſhriue me then wiue me. Come *Neriſſa*, ſirra go before: whiles we ſhut the gates vpon one wooer, another knocks at the doore. *Exeunt.*

Enter Baſſanio, with Shylocke the Iew.

Shy. Three thouſand ducats, well.

Baſſ. I ſir, for three months.